

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend."—Pope.—

VOL. II.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1805.

Nº. 2.

Printed and published by COLE & HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Mr. Easy,

AS I was a zealous advocate for the establishment of your paper in this place, and have watched its progress until the present time, with attention and solicitude; I cannot refrain from expressing my regret, at perceiving the introductory number of a new series of the Companion commence with matter so little original.

For the reputation and honor of Baltimore, I trust that a literary work may be still upheld, without a dependance upon extracts and selections for its support: and although we have every reason from past experience, to be moderate in our expectations; yet we must not despond, or make up our minds, to rank our city with other Boeotia's of celebrity.

If the talents and industry of the editor of a miscellany like this, or the Port Folio, be ever so respectable; still much is required to afford variety and matter of unquestionable merit for its pages. He who is acquainted with the labour of examining a number of productions in manuscript, preparing them for the press and the subsequent correction, to say nothing of the laborious researches, to make suitable extracts; will not be much surprised, if the Editor himself cannot produce to his readers weekly periodical compositions of variety sufficient to interest and please. He will readily suppose, that numerous assistants are calculated upon, not only amongst the immediate friends of the work; but from all those, who tired of the tedious sameness of mercantile news, or of the violent asperities of party writers, wish for some relaxation from the efforts of genius in every branch of intellectual entertainment. He will also imagine without difficulty, that in a society so extensive as

this, there must be many of liberal education and correct tastes; many who having devoured with eagerness and rapture, the delicious fruits which the soil of genius and industry have produced, would be stimulated by the flavour, to cultivate their own, and impart its products, prompted by a generous and meritorious emulation.

The mercantile pursuits are tedious and insipid as to the occupation; the professional are laborious and exhausting; he will therefore conclude that where a taste and capacity for literature exist, some solace would be found, in the indulgence of a partiality for it; particularly as relates to composition. Great must be the disappointment then, at finding few of these probabilities realized.

The contributions to your miscellany, Mr. Easy, have been few indeed; your friend Mr. RAZORBLADE has not as yet sharpened his wit; Friend SCRUPLE has proved too much of the Quaker to have communicated much of the workings of the spirit; CAPT. FRANKLY has been more occupied with thoughts of love or war than of the Club; and as for WILL WHIMSICAL, he has only made his appearance once, like the comet, to startle,—the ladies—and provoke a smile—I wont say of approbation. The Lawyers have proceeded in the beaten track of commonplace pleadings; the Doctors have taken care of the city's health; the Merchants have been dreaming of cent. per cent. and the poor Companion has been left pretty much to take care of himself, and prove to the world that it is a very *easy* matter to have the title without the realities of social intercourse and assistance.

I consider it, my friend, as much a matter of public spirit to encourage and assist your paper, as to unite in overflowing us with the water from the Falls, or with waggons through the turnpikes.—The latter it is true, extend our commercial importance and proffer health and convenience; but why should we boast much of either, if we are to be classed in the grade of dunces? With all our wealth we shall be ridiculed and laughed at. The

neighbouring counties have their eyes upon us ; they are capable of making an impartial comparison between the Companion and Port Folio ; they know Philadelphia to have no more right to literary pretensions than Baltimore ; yet in the former will the one flourish, nay increase in value and reputation, whilst in the latter, its existence seems to be merely eked out ; it appears barely to vegetate, and God knows, whether before the second year is out, it will be easy to call it by any companionable name.

I beg pardon, Mr. Editor, in making thus free with your offspring, your first born ; but I feel conscious I shall find a ready absolution, when I confess my complaints are against your associates more than yourself. It has been conjectured by some of your sagacious readers, that this club to which you introduced us at the outset, was a club truly without brains ; and whatever I may conceive to the contrary, I cannot think of contradicting them, whilst the honourable members themselves, do not think proper to convince them of their error. I have read of the Giant Club, and the Pigmy Club, and of the Anacreontic Club ; but I never read of a Silent Club, and until the words are more clearly explained to my poor faculties, I shall never be able to join them together, and think of common sense at the same time.

But your club forms but a small part of the society of this metropolis. What are we to think of the general silence ? Does there exist no ambition of a reputation of this nature ; are we not desirous of being thought attached to something else than money and luxury ? Does nobody in Baltimore read and cultivate a taste for literature ? Have they no particular opinions on topics of criticism ? Have they no beauties to point out or faults to find in an author of celebrity ? Have they nothing moral to inculcate, sentimental to interest ; or is there no abuse of society at which to level their indignation ? Do they not at times choose to cull a flower from the gardens of poetry ? Have they no mistress to celebrate, or tender passion to deplore, stimulated by the pathos and delightful poetry you have afforded in the charming verses on " Crazy Harry ?"

What can be replied to these numerous interrogatories ? A satisfactory answer I am sure. Why then suffer the cause of literature and good morals to faint for want of a timely aid ? Why calmly contemplate, without shame and remorse, the struggles of an infant, whose increased growth and strength, would amply repay your trouble and care by a rich remuneration of credit and reputation ?

Your paper, Mr. Easy, deservedly merits the support of an enlightened community. Its origin was not from

interested motives ; its tendency is evidently of the most unexceptionable nature ; as a literary one it has an advantage over the Port Folio, by avoiding scrupulously every thing that partakes of a political or irritating quality. In your pages the ambitious youth may exhibit himself a votary of fame ; he may try his powers and receive applause or correction, for his attempts, in the conscious security of anonymous communication. The more experienced writer may impart, the otherwise hidden, stores of his mind, for the benefit and delight of his fellow citizens.—The moral censor may take every occasion of correcting the times, by exhibiting the prevailing vices and follies, in such a point of view, as to make the latter blush though steeled with impudence, and the former tremble, lest all eyes should behold the justness of the resemblance. He may here employ that nice and delicate satire, which will correct the caprices of the humourist, banish rude and unmannerly behaviour from our publick places of amusement, and in a manner, direct the taste of a whole society. In short, why need the various purposes for which a periodical work may be employed, be here enumerated ? They are obvious to all who have the power to assist, and if these will only condescend to have a little more *will*, the Companion shall be no longer called a dull one, but claim the title of a very clever fellow.

Thus, Mr. Easy, as a member of this community, I have claimed the right, and exerted it too, of recommending to your Silent Club, and readers generally, not to be lukewarm in the support of your paper. We have made so many attempts of the kind without success, that I am afraid if this falls through, we must content ourselves in future to pore over the pages of the Gazette or American ; and instead of perusing some handsome couplets, content ourselves with a long string of advertisements.

A FRIEND TO THE COMPANION.

My Dear Easy,

I have perused a piece in your useful Companion, on " Study," the principles of which, if rigidly adhered to, would, I am confident, be very injurious to the dearest interests of society. Possessed himself of a *gigantic genius*, the author looks with disdain and contempt on mediocrity of talents. To concur with him in sentiments we must believe that every man has an exalted genius ; we must believe that every Bæotian is a Shakespear. Experience has taught us the fallacy of such a supposition. Since then, all men have not an equal share of talents ; since his genius will not enable every one

Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora ; VIRG.

let him not be prevented from supplying the deficiency of nature by his own assiduity; let him not be debarred the privilege of availing himself of the labours and productions of other men. The attempt would, indeed, be highly ungenerous. Without using some of the ideas of other men, the greatest genius must languish in obscurity. The pages of a writer, however sublime his genius may be, will not all be cloathed with originality. Was Virgil, whom we so admire, all original? No! Study was his assistant. He looked up to Homer as his father, and received instructions from his works. Was Milton, the champion of modern poetry, in every part, original? No! He perused with marked attention the Eneid of Virgil. Evidences of this assertion will be found in many of the most beautiful passages of *Paradise Lost*. Do we admire these authors less because they have made the ideas of others subservient to their own plans. Do they sink in our estimation, because they have made use of the assistance of others in clambering the steep of science.—No! Unaided by such assistance, they must tumb'e down the declivity with precipitancy.—It is related of the elder Pliny, that he was so desirous of acquiring the ideas of others, and of accumulating his stock of knowledge, that he never performed even the menial offices of life without having some person to read to him. This great man was certainly possessed of genius, though I cannot but think that it was chiefly through the medium of application that he has arisen to that summit of celebrity, on which, his seat will be permanent. The advice of Lord Chesterfield to his son, relating to his application, is too generally known to need a repetition, and it was the opinion of Cicero, with which every reflecting mind must acquiesce, that no man could ever become a great physician, divine, or statesman, without the most assiduous application. It would be unnecessary to produce other examples to prove that genius disdains not application, and that study is not ineffectual and useless. As the flame without fuel to support it will languish and at length be extinguished, so genius without the assistance of study and application, will never shine with splendor, nor will its irradiations ever direct a misguided posterity, from the regions of error to the path of truth.

Your essayist, sir, in the very threshold of his production has advanced far beyond the utmost limits of propriety, and boldly denied the efficacy of study; he even tells us that the studious mind becomes "passive, slavish and inactive." Afterwards, however, he seems to be convinced that he has ventured too far into the ocean of theory and mere assertion, without a pilot to direct him, and that the

vessel of his absurdity is about to be tossed on the rocks of reason; for he prudently retracts in the following words what he had before vaguely asserted: "the natural weakness of the understanding, and the variety of acquirements to be made, render it necessary that we should improve ourselves by the labour of others."—Through the whole piece there appears, indeed, to prevail the most glaring inconsistencies. Like an artful orator, he has thrown into the middle of his composition some concessions, which he thought necessary to preserve his credit, thinking that on account of the bold step with which he commenced, and the gigantic stride with which he concluded, the feebleness of the intermediate assertions, though pointedly contradictory to the exordium and conclusion, would pass by unobserved.

It seems, sir, that your essayist has yet to learn, that in the pursuance of science, something more is to be done than to take a general survey of the whole—that in sailing the ocean of literature, if we foolishly content ourselves with the distant prospect of the shore, however beautiful or picturesque it may be, without approaching it we will remain grossly ignorant of even the first principles of those sciences of which we are in pursuit. When interrogated on any branch of literature, we only know that such a branch exists. Our avidity of reaching without examination the end, would not permit us to tarry till the sun had arisen above the horizon, to dissipate the mist that obscured the light. All that we saw was perceived by reflexion thro' the haziness of twilight. It is that superficiality of observation too generally prevailing in this confederated republic that has made the deep research of Buffon and other European philosophers declare that, in America the powers of the human mind degenerate. Let genius follow with close steps the torch of application; for should it indolently linger behind, our rising empire will be overwhelmed in the obscurity of night—its fame, unless her sons should make an elastic exertion, will be forever blasted.

SIDNEY.

Harford County, Nov. 1805.

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COMMON SENSE.—No. I.

"Nothing so rare as common sense."

JUVENAL.

Mr Easy,

I am utterly at a loss to determine a situation of greater delicacy and difficulty, than in the first sally of an author, in public. He is sometimes impelled by dint of cruel necessity, to intrude his productions on the public, without even the semblance of a recommendation, more than is



couched in his own remarks ; and therefore, if he be a man of any, even the smallest degree of sensibility, he is placed in a dreadful labyrinth of trouble ; for he is sure to say either too much, or too little. But the misadventures of a periodical writer, are still greater and more alarming, inasmuch as they are of a frequent nature ; for even should his first production receive the smiles of public approbation, the smallest blemish in his subsequent procedure, often draws a veil of disgrace over the whole. In fact, his well being depends on the adjudication of thousands, not all of them learned, or even impartial.

Aware of these difficulties and dangers, Sir, it is not without emotions of diffidence, that I encounter them ; but my inexperience as a writer will, I hope and trust, plead an apology for any faults that may occur. Were I armed with erudition, wit, experience and judgment, I would like unto the heroes of Homer, when cloathed in the armour of all the heathen gods, step forth with equal courage and confidence. Indeed authors are too apt to deem themselves learned, and consequently, expose their vanity and ignorance. Conscious of the latter infirmity, I humbly hope the Literati will be merciful, and not charge me with the former. I would not be thought so vainly presumptuous as *Æsop's* companions in servitude were, to profess the ability of doing every thing ; nor would I willingly acknowledge myself incapable of doing any thing, as poor *Æsop* did ; but respectfully submit my quantum of nonsensical phraseology, to the judicious scrutiny of men of letters, in hopes, that they will evince their friendship towards COMMON SENSE, and kindly approve what their lowly supplicant simply professes.

I have taken a sip out of Horace's cup of advice to authors, and have determined to offer this merely in the character of a modest preface to such miscellaneous remarks as may opportunely follow.

From what has been said, those who may be pleased to honor the informal effusions of my futile brain with a reading, have nothing more to expect than common sense, and barely that ; however, should a little wit chance to pop in, they shall have it gratis, provided they will not be offended. Therefore, I beg, that readers will view my services as a lottery. As the wheel of fortune performs its revolutions, wit may turn up a prize ; at all events, a blank equal to common sense.

I would not be thought so ignorant as not to deem modesty far more commendable than arrogance ; and therefore, shall rest the definition of common sense, for the present, on the well known observation of superior knowledge, that "common sense is no common thing." Of

this fact many stubborn proofs may be adduced ; they are however, designed for future use ; and in the interim I hope that my good readers will have the friendship and charity to excuse me, and consult their several friends and acquaintance on the subject. I propose to confine my future remarks on common sense, chiefly to the affairs of domestic life ; and it shall be my chief pleasure and care, to assert its prerogative, and to contend for the expediency of reclaiming its radical dignity and credit ; whereby, with the assistance of some abler pen, its lost empire may be retrieved.

In a word, Sir, my chief intention is to chide vice, ridicule folly, and applaud virtue ; all which, in my humble opinion, come within the jurisdiction of common sense ; common honour, and common decency too, are implied ; I shall, therefore, most assuredly confine myself to decent things, and not dishonorably attack persons ; then indeed, I may "amuse every body, without shocking any body."—

As my present determination is, that my name shall be kept a secret ; I hope, that "Echo will not so much as whisper my hiding place." H.

#### A DIALOGUE

*On Education, pronounced at a late public distribution of prizes to the pupils of St. Mary's College, in this city.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

1. The Students of this College, had, last year the honour of discussing in your presence, a question relative to the literary course, which they are made to pursue. They now mean to undertake the discussion of another point, more comprehensive, as it embraces the entire plan of their education, in order to obviate an objection (more serious), than that which they then attempted to remove.—It was then proved, that the study of the ancient languages, which form the basis of our literary superstructure, is the most eligible mode for communicating knowledge to such, among a numerous body of pupils, as are susceptible of instruction. We shall to-day enquire, if our system of education, do not on the whole, entail consequences, which should prescribe its rejection.

The subject for consideration, is not, whether we have adopted a correct or efficient plan for the culture of the mind, but whether our intellectual attainments are not purchased at the expense of our moral qualities, or, whether the nature of our institution, does not tend to warp the understanding, and even vitiate the heart. The importance of this question must be generally felt. To investigate it fully, would require talents much more consi-



derable, than ours : in hazarding this discussion, we afford you, (Ladies and Gentlemen) a strong proof of our reliance on the lenity of your criticism.

2d. You do not, Sir, I imagine, mean to confine the application of this question, to this institution alone. It may, I think, be extended to every establishment of a similar nature, known under the denomination of a college. Those, which have flourished for a long series of ages, among cultivated nations, are also, schools in which youth assembled for the purpose of instruction, and which, with some slight shades of difference, are moulded after the same model.

1. True Sir : and this reflection furnishes me, if not with positive proof at least with a strong presumption, in favour of our system. It is difficult to conceive, that all the enlightened nations of the earth, would have adopted, and fostered institutions, of which experience had demonstrated, either the danger or the futility. Colleges have been regarded, in every country, as proper for the diffusion of useful knowledge. This patronage, so universal, and of such long continuance, must at least argue something in their favour.

2d. To this it will be replied, that you might have reasoned thus, half a century ago ; but that philosophy has since detected and exposed the absurdity of such Gothic establishments, the hallowed sanctuary, as they were then deemed, of those erudite mummeries, with which our forefathers were so deplorably infatuated. The good people of former times, accustomed to revere every thing ancient, could conceive nothing more perfect, than what they found already established. But since philosophy, (to use the phrase of a modern luminary,) has applied the axe to the forest of prejudices, we have exploded this prepossession in favour of colleges, where, if we wish to form a virtuous or an useful citizen, our object never can be accomplished.

1. From the tone in which you pronounce this philosophical doctrine, you do not appear, as yet, thoroughly convinced, that we are in every respect wiser than our progenitors, or that we have gained much, by this modern substitution of the authority of fashion, for the respect which was heretofore entertained for antiquity. You do not appear far from conceding, that it is, at least as preposterous, to espouse every new system without examination, as to adopt blindly every idea which we find prevalent at our entrance into the world—Both should be maturely weighed : and when I adduced the antiquity and multitude of such institutions, as an argument in their favour, I merely intended to shew, how improbable it was, that

they should have been so long and so universally upheld, if they really tended to sap the foundations of morality.

3d. I know not, if what we have just heard, respecting the language of modern illumination, be serious or ironical. But, as for myself, I can assure you, that I sincerely and unequivocally reprobate the general plan of our education. The subject is too important, in my eyes, to be treated with levity. Since you wish to ascertain what influence, such a system may have, on our social and moral character, let us, I beseech you, begin by examining the first step taken in this order of things ; that of separating us from our families, in order to collect us under one roof ; a separation, which amounts in fact to a virtual exile. Is it judicious to practise such a trial on the heart, as that of tearing us, in our infancy, from the arms of our parents, on purpose, as it were, to stifle that filial tenderness, which is at once the first of our duties, and the most pleasurable of our enjoyments ?

And how, I pray you, are we recompensed for so early and irksome a privation ? Perhaps on the score of instruction ? It is indeed true, that by spending our youth, under the eye of a mother, we might remain ignorant of the scientific jargon we come here to learn. But tell me ingenuously, would we be the worse for this ? Under our paternal roof, we would have continued strangers to the beautiful and sublime sentiments of our authors, but then we would have heard the simple language of nature, the animated accents of tenderness. What lessons can leave so profound and delightful an impression, as those, which flow like honey from lips, that have smiled on our helpless infancy ?

1. Do not, Sir, insist upon an objection, which it would be too painful to solve, if we were to give full scope to our feelings. I confess, that I should not have had courage to maintain my present opinion, had I been called upon to do so, some months ago, when I had nothing but a distant hope, to soften the harsh language of reason, which commanded me to remain here. But now all these gloomy images have vanished to give place to transports. To-morrow ! Yes to-morrow, we shall return to our parents ! We shall repair to shed tears of joy, on that bosom, which nourished our infancy ; to receive in endearments, more tender than ever, the full reward of our long absence—When, about entering the port, I look back, with a more complacent eye, on the toils of the navigation.—They even become a subject of congratulation, because I know them to have been indispensable to my improvement.

2d. But you assume the very point in issue ; that pub-



lic education, is preferable to a course of domestic instruction, when viewed in relation to our social and moral qualities.

1. I do so:—But I do not mean that my assertions should be received as proof. I am ready to proceed.—

3d. What! You are not afraid of shocking the feelings of your hearers! You are not afraid of wounding the sensibility of that bosom, from which you drew life and nourishment, by denying to the authors of your being either the power, or the inclination, to train your youth, better than any other persons whatever! Assert if you please, that some of them are not erudite enough, to fill our heads with scholastic absurdities. This I grant you without hesitation, and I hope, without a blush.—But that the hands of a stranger, are best adapted to mould our understandings, and form them to virtuous habit; this is what I cannot admit.—

2d. I think, I can observe, Gentlemen, in your manner of conducting this dispute, a difference, that places it on an unequal footing. One attacks by feeling, the other defends himself by reason.—The former has every advantage. The majority of your judges, are parents, easily affected, and deeply interested in the result, who cannot hear the voice, without secretly preferring vows, for the triumph of nature. Our young friends, who are present, desire nothing more ardently, than that the advocate of good sense may be overcome. The disputant has to guard his own breast from the effect of those soft but powerful emotions, which, perhaps, make him waver already in his opinion.—I am curious to see the issue of this contest.

*(To be continued.)*

#### A SCOTTISH TALE.

*(Continued from page 6.)*

As I prepared for my terrible descent, I desired the man, into whose hands I was thus committing my life, to suffer me to remain down for a considerable time, that I might make every observation I thought proper. I was under the necessity of being entirely at his mercy, in this respect, because I had it not in my power to afford him any intimation of my desire to be drawn up, or let down, on account of the tumultuous boiling of the waters, and the thunder of the torrent, which would effectually annihilate all inferior sounds.

Having given my directions, I sat down upon the edge of the precipice, and gradually pushed myself off, at the mercy of the man and his ropes. In a moment every object swam from my dazzled sight, which suddenly became veiled as in a shroud of chaotic night; my bewildered fa-

culties, no longer capable of their ordinary functions, flew in wild uproar to the confines of that wilderness where distraction holds her infuriate course, and where all is darkness, horror, and death. I suppose myself to have undergone, the first and most painful approaches to insanity; my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and animation no longer invigorated my frame. Suspended in the horrible vortex, and dangling amidst angry foam, I became as a lifeless log. I can recollect the sensations which I experienced when I no longer felt the firmness of earth under my feet, and when nought but the emptiness of air surrounded me, to be the most horrible I had ever sustained. I felt as if hurled into a bottomless abyss, through whose dark and interminable extent, I was doomed to fall, time without end. Had not an happy state of insensibility forbade me from a further knowledge of my situation, I should, doubtless, have experienced all the horrors of an incurable insanity.

How long I was kept in that situation I was then totally ignorant of, but I remember awaking as from a dream of terrors, and finding myself placed upon my back, by the side of the road which leads over the Fall, and the poor man hanging over me with clasped hands, cadaverous phiz, fixed eyes, and many other little inuendos that betokened his dire dismay. He had imagined my spirit was no longer of this world, and consequently was not without reflections of his own, touching the mode of my death, that did not sit very easy with him; however, I had no sooner perceived my situation, than I jumped up, much to our mutual satisfaction, & enquired how long I had been retained in my last perilous durance? He answered that under the supposition that I was enjoying the scene, he had suffered me to remain about a quarter of an hour, but when he drew me up, and found the real state of my feelings, he carried me on to the grass, and amidst the most painful apprehensions, lamented my supposed death.

Being completely recovered, I was now conducted, by my guide, to the smaller Fall of Foyers, which is situated about half a mile from the other, up the same stream. This cataract is surrounded by very wild and romantic scenery, falls upwards of an hundred feet, and is rendered more interestingly picturesque by the ornaments of a very ancient bridge, which is thrown over a chasm in the rocks, immediately over the Fall. The mind of the feeling spectator is filled by sensations of awe, and not a little uneasiness, when he stands upon this frail building, and bending over, eyes the immense profundity of the chasm under him, together with the impetuous force and loud uproar of the cataract which shake the bridge.



Although this Fall is extremely grand, and the surrounding objects remarkably picturesque, yet its vast inferiority to the other, in all the great requisites of sublime, or beautiful scenery, compels the spectator to the wish that it was seen before it.

The woods, water, rocks, and mountains, which are disposed in beautiful or magnificent groups, every where arrest the eye, and fix its attention. I derived a degree of exquisite and undefinable pleasure, from a contemplation of the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Falls of Foyers, which memory still dwells upon with delight, and whose yet strongly marked lineaments contribute towards my happiness, when I turn my eye inwards, and look back upon the days of my innocence, my inexperience, and my youth, when I wandered in the ways of men, with the steps of a stranger, and felt an ardent desire to join with my fellow-creatures in the bonds of amity and eternal fidelity. Then, indeed, I considered the sensations my mind experienced from an intercourse with Nature's most sublime or beautiful works, as a very far inferior species of delight, from that which I expected to derive from the society of an enlightened body of my fellow-creatures, whom I had imagined to have herded together for the express purposes of rendering the condition of man more worthy of his exalted nature, than when immured in his native wilderness, mountain, bog, or fastness; but poignant indeed was my anguish, when in after-life I found my dreams of joy to vanish from my grasp, and melt into thinnest air. But to return.

I amused myself with making sketches of the scenery, until the fall of twilight compelled me to bid a lasting adieu to the magnificent prospects before me, and I returned with my guide to the Hut.

(To be continued.)

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

At a time when those more immediately interested; those who inhabit the capital, *figuring* in the streets of this gay and (as our enemies say) illiterate city, stand at so great a distance from our inelegant and uninteresting sheet; it gives the Editor particular pleasure to receive the voluntary aid of classic compositions from distant counties. The Editor entertains the fond hope, that the patriotic example of a SIDNEY will have no mean effect on many of his worthy countrymen: may it prove a spark of literary pride, capable of arousing and illuminating at least the backward and neglected state of Maryland.

CLARA, LEANDER, QUID AGAM, and A FRIEND TO EASE, are received, and will be attended to.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### AN IMITATION

##### *Of the Fourth Satire of Despréaux.*

Easy, whence is't, that he with least pretence,  
Will think himself alone possess'd of sense;  
Will proudly leap in Aristarchus' chair,  
And blow on Genius with a critick's air;  
Or, puff'd with morals, snatch at Plato's stool,  
Vend laws of life, himself life's merest tool;  
That still we see this vanity prevail,  
Where Pride and Dulness poise the equal scale?

The Pedant, of superfluous learning vain,  
And full of Greek and Arrogance his brain,  
Who, just as parrots con their themes by rote,  
Can in a breath from fifty authors quote,  
Or cite a thousand apophthegms profound,  
Believes within a book all reason bound;  
Judges of all by Aristotle's rules,  
Nor thinks sense sense if not acquir'd in schools.

Reverse of him, see yon pert, powder'd beau,  
Whose only trade's to make himself a show;  
From place to place, unknowing why, he walks,  
At each the same unmeaning nonsense talks;  
Repeats cold trifles to a lady's fan,  
And nauseates with the semblance of a man;  
He prates of books—condemns them by the score—  
And rails at science as a downright bore—  
Thinks life is but abus'd by letter'd wits—  
While free in charter'd ignorance he sits,  
Holds this the happiest privilege of man,  
And chains to college glooms the learned clan.

The haughty bigot, who, with impious mind,  
Hopes by affected zeal his God to blind,  
Loudly declaims 'gainst every vice in vogue,  
And damns each errant from the decalogue;  
Peruse his secret thoughts, in each you'll see  
A deep-dyed libel on humanity.

No faith th' enlighten'd libertine can bind,  
No soul has he to lose, no heav'n to find,  
His pleasures are to him as laws supreme,  
And all religion but an idle dream.  
The tale of demons and a burning deep,  
May dupe old maids, and frighten babes to sleep,  
He knows 'tis fable all, fram'd but to please  
The childish whims of wretched devotees,  
And till his mind is impotent as theirs;  
He'll never load it with such useless cares.

But 'twere an endless task, and out of place,  
Of every mind the inward views to trace;  
As easy might we undertake to tell  
The names of all whom \*\*\*\*\* and calomel,  
Those seldom-failing harbingers of death,  
Have in one autumn only robb'd of breath.  
Let us not stray in such a vague design;  
But in one word my meaning to define,  
And not offend the people who declare,  
That they possess of light the largest share,



Enquire from pole to pole, the world around,  
No perfect wisdom can on earth be found ;  
Each man's a fool, whatever pains he takes,  
And more or less the only diff'rence makes.

As in a wood we see a road divide  
In twenty paths, where trav'lers without guide,  
To right or left, or this or that way bend  
Their doubtful course, and all in error end :  
Thus man, through life, a path uncertain treads,  
As passion drives him, or as folly leads :  
Yet most assume, seiz'd by some mania's rage,  
To stand the Orpheus of a wand'ring age,  
To hold a mirror up to fashion's eyes ;  
In this alone his greatest error lies :  
Unconscious of keen satire's piercing dart,  
And blind to the perverseness of his heart,  
He thinks his mind has caught some heav'nly flame ;  
And gives his foibles virtue's sacred name.

But wisdom always wears her own disguise ;  
And he with most will never think he's wise.  
In him no vain presumption you discern ;  
He knows that mortals ever have to learn,  
And diffident of his own erring sense,  
To others reasons leans with deference ;  
Incessant censor of his private thoughts,  
He counts with rigid justice all his faults,  
On each bestows a punishment severe ;  
But human virtue still will falter here.  
Each on himself will lenient judgment hold.  
The wretch who doats with transport on his gold,  
Who sees his wealth in heaps on heaps arise,  
With constant poverty before his eyes.  
While patiently the world's contempt he bears,  
A weary prudence calls his grov'ling cares ;  
Life can to him no other joy afford,  
Than to accumulate an untouch'd hoard ;  
This is his toil by day, his dream by night.

Curse me, the miser's is a strange delight !...  
Exclaims yon spendthrift, who, with senseless pate,  
On every trifle squanders his estate ;  
Who still with open hand parades the streets,  
A prey to ev'ry wiser head he meets ;  
He never half that happiness enjoys,  
As when some prodigality employs  
His languid hours. What change has he to fear,  
Possess'd of twenty hundred pounds a-year.

View these ; say which appears to you most blind ?  
Both seem to be disorder'd in their mind ;  
Replies yon sage, who with a palid face,  
Awaits his fortune from a ten and ace ;  
Wealth has no value but to purchase bliss ;  
The only road to real life is this...  
The cards are drawn...a flush his cheeks o'erspread...  
But soon a deadly pale supplants the red...  
His haggard looks, his gnashing teeth, confess  
The disappointed gamester's happiness :  
He foams, he starts, wild fury in his eyes,  
Bent with loud blasphemy against the skies.

Had you beheld this Pytan, you'd have said,  
He meant to take the heav'ns by escalade.  
Him let us leave a prey to discontent ;  
His pleasures always bring their punishment.  
Still there are follies whose delicious bane,  
With softer charms inebriate the brain :  
Whose precious nectar flowing on his soul,  
\*\*\*\* felt all Helicon within him roll ;  
He grasp'd his pen ; his Muse disgorg'd her freight ;  
And the press groan'd beneath the verbal weight.  
What though his lines, inflated, turgid, dull,  
Would meet the hiss of ev'ry grammar school,  
Yet one with tranquil mind applauds their fire,  
And as Columbia's Milton hails their sire.

Alas ! what pity, if some hardy friend,  
Should from his eyes the veil deceitful rend ;  
Should bring the naked poem to his face,  
Devoid of Genius, energy, or grace,  
A moody mass of new-coin'd epithets,  
Distorted meanings, and of forc'd conceits,  
Of words on words in crude disorder thrown,  
Wide wond'ring what affinity they own,  
Of terms remov'd in genuine sense, as far  
As torrid libra from the polar star :  
Oh ! with what bitter rage he'd curse the day,  
That drove the error of his mind away.

As once 'tis said, in other things no fool  
A devotee of Swedenburg's new school,  
By too much musing on his fav'rite strain,  
Felt a strange fantasy deceive his brain ;  
Where'er beneath its pleasing pow'r he stray'd,  
Unceasing harmony around him play'd ;  
Celestial spirits seem'd to touch the strings,  
Or fan the sounding organ with their wings.  
At last a doctor laid his case to heart  
And cur'd him, or by chance, or by his art ;  
But howsoe'er success his pride may please,  
A Doctor must be paid : he ask'd his fees ;  
I pay you ? cried the zealot in a rage,  
For what ? what pangs of mine did you assuage ?  
Was it not you, who, by accurs'd address,  
Drew me from madness—and from happiness !  
I like his warmth ; for in the dreadful strife  
Of griefs, which rack the little span of life,  
Of this we're sure, disguise her as you will,  
Reason is of our ills the greatest ill ;  
Tis she that o'er the past holds fretful sway,  
And with repentance only shares her prey,  
Who, sternly, in the moment of our joys,  
Usurps her pow'r and all their zest destroys ;  
And when some future bliss our hopes would crown,  
She blasts the prospect with pedantick frown.  
In vain some dotards have, enamour'd, strove,  
To dress her as a deity of love,  
To give her as a queen of heav'nly birth,  
Whose reign would bring felicity on earth ;  
Whose precepts follow'd, man should be divine.  
'Tis true on paper this is very fine :  
I love to read it.—But each day will show,  
That greatest fools are most caress'd below.